

AUSTRIANS CAPTURE THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO—OFFICIAL

# The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,815.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916

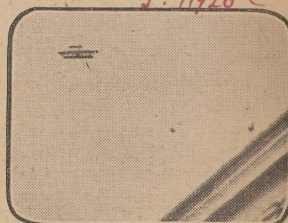
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

SCOTTISH NURSES ENDURE GREAT HARDSHIPS DURING THEIR  
RETREAT ACROSS SERBIA: A TWO DAYS' WAIT FOR BOAT.



Entering Kraljevo, which was all mud.



Waiting in the churchyard of Kraljevo for vehicles after leaving the hospital. They could only take what they could carry.

Enemy aeroplane flying over hospital.



A weary vigil. For two days and two nights they waited on the shore of Scutari Lake for a boat to take them to Scutari.

Nurse Norah Tempest, of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, who took the photographs appearing on this page, gives a most interesting account of the hardships and dangers which the party encountered during their retreat across Serbia. The article will be

found on page 7. They had to make their way over exposed mountain roads, and were often "blue with cold." The climbing they found very stiff, but walking was the only way; it was quite impossible to ride.



## TRYING TO WRECK PREMIER'S PLEDGE.

'Antis' Flood of Amend-  
ments to Compulsion Bill.

### LOWER AGE LIMIT?

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

Although the opposition to the principle of the Compulsion Bill has been almost flattened out, the 'antis' have been exercising their ingenuity to draft as many amendments as possible to the measure.

Last night these amendments ran into scores, and it is probable that they will be largely increased before the House meets on Monday. One of the most important issues, in the opinion of Sir John Simon and his small band of supporters, deals with what is called "industrial conscription."

Although the ex-Home Secretary did not make much of this point in his speech on the second reading, he is apparently drifting to the view held by the Radical "antis" and the Snowdenite section of Socialists.

### APPEAL BEFORE ENLISTING.

The first question of substance to be raised concerns the Prime Minister's famous pledge, and an amendment has been put down by Sir John Simon which in an ingenious fashion stereotypes the pledge in a way which, as he contends, will render it more effectual than the Bill as drafted.

The Bill lays it down that "every male British subject who, on August 15, 1915, was (a) ordinarily resident in Great Britain, and (b) had not attained the age of eighteen years and had not attained the age of forty-one years; and (c) was unmarried or was a widow without children dependent upon him, shall, unless within the exemptions set out in the schedule to this Act."

Here Sir John Simon interposes these words: "apply before the appointed date to the military service tribunal established under this Act, in order that it may be determined whether he is entitled to a certificate of exemption from the provisions of this Act, and if it is determined that he is not so entitled he shall be registered as a person available for military service."

"His Majesty may, by Order in Council, declare that the total number of persons so registered is substantial, and thereupon these persons shall, as from the date of that Order."

And then the original draft of the Bill is resumed: "Be deemed to have been duly enlisted in his Majesty's regular forces for general service with the Colours, or with the reserve for the

### CRUEL KINDNESS.

It is a cruel kindness to let the Germans get food. The Huns did not suffer from that weakness when they besieged Paris. It is cruel, because it will only prolong the war.

Our Navy could easily starve Germany by stopping all ships carrying foodstuffs. If you write to your M.P. pointing this out you will strengthen the hands of the Navy.

period of the war, and to have been forthwith transferred to the reserve."

This amendment seeks to provide the man with an appeal court before he is enlisted, instead of afterwards.

### "EVERY LINE" AMENDMENTS.

Mr. Joseph King seeks to amend almost every line of the Bill. He has succeeded in filing three pages of the amendment paper.

One of the most interesting sets of amendments deals with the age limit. Here are the proposals of various M.P.s:

Mr. R. D. Holt	30 years.
Mr. Joseph King	35 years.
Mr. McCallum Scott	36 years.

Major Newman desires to limit the privilege of exemption on conscientious grounds to persons who are members of the Society of Friends "or of any other recognised religious body, one of whose fundamental tenets is an objection to the war."

One of the first amendments to be discussed on Monday will be that proposed by the Ulster Unionist members calling for the inclusion of Ireland in the Bill.

It is expected that Mr. Bonar Law will reply for the Government.

The Government hope to get the Bill through all its stages in the Commons next week.

Three days at the outside will suffice for its passage through the Lords. E. A. J.

### GERMAN APPEAL FOR GOLD.

In their weekly bulletin letter Messrs. Samuel Montagu and Son write:

"Such is the desire of the German Government to obtain every ounce of gold in the country that, according to the North German Gazette, the Reichsbank has gone as far as to state that it is prepared to undertake to deliver, in exchange for any gold medal handed to it at the present time, an identical specimen after the conclusion of the war."

### MEXICAN DICTATOR DEAD.

New York, Jan. 14.—The death is announced this morning from El Paso (Texas) of General Victoriano Huerta, the former Mexican President and Dictator.—Central News.

## GHOSTS OF GALLIPOLI

Wonderful Story of the Charge of the  
Lost Legions.

### HOW TO WIN THE WAR.

Everybody during the past few days has been talking and thinking of one of the proudest, as it is one of the most tragic, chapters in British history—the great fighting in, the still greater withdrawal from, the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Only one thing is likely to be read and discussed this week-end, Mr. Horatio Bottomley's article, "The Ghosts of Gallipoli," in to-morrow's enlarged issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

It is one of the most wonderfully dramatic pieces of literature of the war—destined, like other articles written by the foremost editor of *John Bull* for the *Sunday Pictorial*, to become a classic.

Few will be able to read unmoved the vision story of the battle of the dead men, and the charge of the ghost-soldiers—Scotts and English and Irish, New Zealanders and Australians, Gurkhas and Maoris—fighting again in a soundless world the battles for the fortress hills of fabled Helles. It is the epic epitaph of the lost legions, the men who with victory almost in their clutch died for want of succour and support, a sacrifice to inertia and ineptitude in others.

There will be lots of other fine and striking things in this big issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*. Mr. C. B. Stanton, M.P., "Double Conscription" Stanton, who brought the real war verdict of Wales from Merthyr, has a remarkable article on "How I Would Win the War," with suggestions for a great and sustained offensive and constant streams of men on every fighting front, and some plain words to the "hang backs" from a man who has been to the firing-line and knows.

Mr. Austin Harrison, the brilliant editor of the *English Review*, contributes a thoughtful and important message to Labour. And, of course, there will be pages and pages of the best exclusive pictures, all the gossip that really matters, and the news of the week-end presented, as always, with understanding and accuracy.

## HUN HAND BEHIND THEM

Counsel on German Trickery in Allies' Deals  
with U.S.A. Firms.

"If the Court had power it would increase the sentence," said Sir R. Wallace at London Sessions yesterday, in dismissing the appeal of Victor Sly against a conviction and sentence of four months' imprisonment in the second division.

The sentence was passed on Sly at Bow-street for "that he did unlawfully, without a permit, aid and abet a certain other person in entering into negotiations in dealing in war material, to wit, trinitro-tolol and Maisie Nagent rifle cartridges."

Mr. Bodkin said the facts showed a flagrant defiance of the regulations which were intended to stop people from exploiting the war for their own profit.

There had been actual cases in which firms in America had been found quite unable to carry out such contracts, and left the Allies in the lurch at the moment when they were expecting munitions to be delivered.

In one case—of course there had been several—he was specifically instructed to mention that the Germans with their cleverness were behind some of these alleged American firms.

He was not saying that there was evidence that Sly's transactions were on behalf of such German-engineered American firms. If there had been, Sly would have been dealt with by a criminal tribunal, and a sentence of death might have been passed.

Counsel related how a secret code arranged between Sly and the Duke of Manchester in Paris was found in Sly's pocket, and by this the authorities would be hoodwinked into thinking that ordinary business cables were passing, whereas they were cables connected with prohibited war material.

Sir R. Wallace, in dismissing the appeal, said it was a very deliberate offence in defiance of the regulations.



A commissariat scene. All these animals are destined for the use of the French soldiers.

## TO "NURSE MOTHER."

How Woman Charged Under Defence  
of Realm Act Got Passport.

### LONDON DOCTOR ACQUITTED.

A doctor who recommended a woman for a Foreign Office passport was accused yesterday at the Old Bailey of making a false declaration for that purpose. He was Dr. A. H. Vassie, of West Hamstead.

Mr. Travers Humphreys, prosecuting, said that the alleged offence was committed in August, 1914. In July, 1915, the woman was in custody on a serious charge under the Defence of the Realm Regulations. On her arrest it was found that she had in her possession a British passport issued on August 3, 1914.

Defendant, it was found, had vouched for her from his own personal knowledge as a fit and proper person to receive a passport.

Mr. Herbert Stanley Martin, of the Passport Office, produced the original passport, and stated that the woman was the wife of a Russian who was a naturalised British subject, born in Moscow.

Defendant, giving evidence, said that the uncle of the woman had been a patient of his for thirteen years. The man was a German by birth, but had been naturalised fifty years. He informed defendant that his niece wanted to go to Germany to nurse her mother, who was seriously ill.

Defendant stated that he questioned the woman for a quarter of an hour. Her answers left him with no doubt that she was a respectable, honest woman and a fit subject for a passport.

The Judge, in summing up, said that the Foreign Office would be well advised to print the words "From my personal knowledge" in italics upon the recommendation form, or to underline them.

A man could be sure of a thing and feel justified in taking an oath upon it, although he had no personal knowledge. "For instance, I have no personal knowledge of Moscow, or the Tsar of Russia or General Joffre, but I would not mind signing a document that they existed." (Laughter.)

The jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty, and Dr. Vassie was discharged.

## MET AT NIGHT CLUB.

Actress Accuses Man of Obtaining £235 from  
Her by Fraud.

A meeting with an actress at a night club was described yesterday at the Old Bailey when Her-ber Price, a clerk, was charged with converting two cheques to his own use and obtaining money by false pretences. He pleaded not guilty.

Mr. J. D. Cassels, said that on October 4 prisoner went to a night club in Oxford-street and there met an actress, Miss Evelyn Seymour. He told her that he was the solicitor to the Alhambra Theatre at a salary of £1,000 per annum, and that his mother allowed him £500 a year.

Miss Seymour then informed him that she was in financial difficulties with a firm of house-furnishers, to whom she owed £385. Prisoner said that he would deal with the matter for her, and probably settle the debt for a sum of £235. He accompanied Miss Seymour to her flat in the early hours of the morning.

She there gave him two cheques amounting to £235. The cheques were paid into prisoner's account. He did not pay any of the money in discharge of her debts.

Miss Seymour gave evidence and said she was professionally known as Nine Selwyn. She said she pawned her rings in order to let prisoner have money, and he bought a watch from her for £15, but never gave her the money.

In cross-examination, witness agreed that they had been on friendly terms, "with the exception of a few rows." When she went to the office in Nine Selwyn Fields, where the prisoner said he was a partner, she was informed that he was not a solicitor.

## LOST FREEDOM BY 100 YARDS.

British Prisoner Endures Hard-  
ships Only To Be Captured.

### SHEER BAD LUCK.

"One hundred yards more and I should have been a free man—free to return to you all, and have Christmas with you."

So writes a young British soldier, now a prisoner in Germany, to his parents, telling them of his unsuccessful attempt to escape.

After many hardships he was captured, owing to frozen feet, about 100 yards from the frontier.

### TRAGEDY OF FROZEN FEET.

"It is only by the worst of luck and some of the best of German organisation that I am not at home with you all by now."

"It is now many long months since I first conceived the idea of trying to escape from here to Holland and from there home."

"Well, after a lot of trouble and very difficult preparations, I put my idea into action November 25 last at midday while at work."

"I was away from this prison from Thursday midday, November 25, to Sunday night eleven o'clock on November 28."

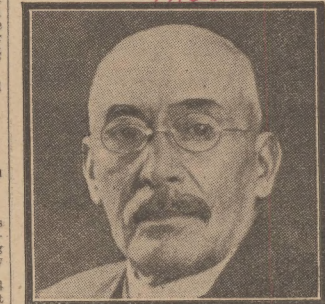
"After creeping through forests, over rough country, through woods and copes and travelling by night only, I was captured on Saturday night at 8 or 8.30 by German sentinels—where do you think? One hundred yards from my goal, the German and Holland frontier!"

### SWAM THE LIPPE.

"I think this is about the worst stroke of luck that I have ever had."

"After swimming through the Lippe in a snowstorm, picking my way through forests, woods, copes, streams, ditches, barbed wire fences and lying from 6.30 each morning until dark at six o'clock in the evening dead still,

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General Huerta, the former Mexican Dictator, who has died at El Paso (Texas).

frozen covering, in deep snow, practically frozen through and through, with only what food I could carry in my pockets, and only a small compass to guide me. . . . After all this, because my legs were frozen from my knees downward, I was captured 100 yards—a paltry thirty to sixty seconds' walk—from the frontier, over which had I been able to take one step I should have been a free man.

"That's what I call bad luck, don't you? At the time I felt like crying, so weak and disappointed was I to have lost by so narrow a margin, but now I am inclined to laugh."

"If my legs had not been frozen I should have been either dead or with you by now, for I certainly would have run and risked rifle bullets had not my legs refused their duty."

### "I WANT CHEERING UP."

"By the way, I recovered the use of my legs over a week afterwards, but I limp. I am afraid it will be a long time, if ever, before I shall be able to walk properly again."

Of course, my popularity star among the prison officials is in the ascendant.

"I am kept locked up night and day alone, being let out of my cell each day for exercise."

"At present I am allowed to receive my parcels, but I might be tried and condemned any day, and this privilege stopped. It does seem hard. . . . I have had very bad luck, and I want cheering up."

## DINNER THAT WAS NEARLY GASSED

How a respirator saved a pig's life is described in a letter written home by a Thatcham (Berks) soldier, who says:—"We are having pork for dinner. It was like this:—"

"A comrade caught a little pig a few days ago. Afterwards we were gassed, so had to don our respirators. We also put one on the pig! It was the most comical thing I ever saw, and it caused no end of fun."

"One of our fellows stayed with the pig all night to keep the respirator on, but it was worth the trouble. It saved the pig's life and also our Christmas dinner."

Read "Our Women's Retreat Across Serbia," by Miss Norah Tempest, on page 7.



# AUSTRIA OFFERS TO CONCLUDE SEPARATE PEACE WITH MONTENEGRO

**Terms to Include Cession of Mount Lovtchen.**

## FALL OF CETTINJE.

**Enemy Enters Montenegrin Capital After Fierce Fighting.**

## INDIA'S NEW VICEROY.

### FALL OF CETTINJE.

According to the Austrian official communiqué, Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, has fallen. There is no confirmation of this statement, but it is probably true.

Other messages assert that the Austrians have made peace overtures to the Montenegrins. The peace-terms are said to include the cession of Mount Lovtchen to Austria, while the latter will recognise Montenegro's right to Scutari.

### RUPPRECHT IS RUDE.

Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria suffers from a double misfortune. He thinks he is the rightful legitimate Sovereign of England, and also believes that the German Crown Prince is a model gentleman.

He is very rude about our troops, who are "no longer what they used to be." We have lost all our dash and fighting power, he says.

It is curious that Prince Rupprecht does not explain how it is that the Bavarians under his leadership cannot break through our lines.

### LORD CHELMSFORD'S NEW POST.

It was officially announced last night that Lord Chelmsford has been appointed Viceroy of India.

Lord Chelmsford, who was born in 1868, was educated at Winchester College and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a Fellow of All Souls' College, 1892-99. From 1905 to 1909 he was Governor of Queensland, and then Governor of New South Wales 1909-13.

In 1894 he married the Hon. Frances Charlotte Guest, daughter of the first Baron Wimborne.

## KING OF MONTENEGRO'S PALACE UNDAMAGED.

**Austrians State That They Are Pursuing Beaten Foe.**

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—To-day's Austrian official communiqué says:—

The capital of Montenegro is in our hands. Our troops, pursuing the beaten enemy yesterday afternoon, entered Cetinje. The residence of the King of Montenegro and the town are undamaged. The population is calm.—Reuter.

Rome, Jan. 14.—Austria has proposed an armistice with Montenegro for the purpose of negotiating a separate peace.—Wireless Press.

Rome, Jan. 14.—The Athens correspondent of the *Messaggero* telegraphs that Austria has pro-

### FALL OF FOUR CAPITALS.

Cetinje, capital of Montenegro Jan. 13, 1916  
Belgrade, capital of Serbia ..... Oct. 9, 1915  
Warsaw, capital of Poland ..... Aug. 4, 1915  
Brussels, capital of Belgium..... Aug. 20, 1914

posed an armistice to Montenegro in order to enter into negotiations for peace.

The terms include the cession of Mount Lovtchen to Austria, who in return will recognise the rights of Montenegro to Scutari.

Official telegrams from Cetinje state that furious fighting has been continued over all the fronts with considerable losses to the enemy. Mount Kuk has been occupied by the Austrian troops.—Central News.

Hardly more than a cluster of whitewashed houses, Cetinje had a population of only about 4,000.

An ancient Serb proverb runs: "When God created the world the bag that contained the stones burst over Montenegro." Cetinje, a pigmy capital, lies six miles from the port of Cattaro

## HOT TIME FOR GERMANS IN MESNIL HILL TRENCHES.

**French Gunfire Disperses Troops That Were Moving About.**

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 14.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There was slight artillery activity in the course of the night. South of the Somme, in the Lihau sector, one of our patrols attacked an enemy patrol, which fled, leaving one killed and one wounded on the field.

In Champagne we fired upon and dispersed German troops who were moving about in the trenches and the communication trenches of the Mesnil Hill.—Reuter.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—To-day's German official communiqué says:—

Activity is restricted owing to stormy and rainy weather. There were isolated artillery, bombing and mining encounters.—Reuter.

## "PAINFUL ASTONISHMENT OF DUAL MONARCHY!"

**Austrian Protest Against Arrest of Consuls at Salonika.**

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—According to a Vienna telegram, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs has addressed to the United States Ambassador in Vienna a Note concerning the arrest of Austro-Hungarian Consular officials at Salonika, and requesting him to telegraph as follows to the French and British Governments:—

"The Austro-Hungarian Government has learned with painful astonishment of the brutal act of violence perpetrated against the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General at Salonika, against the personnel and archives of the Consulate, and a number of Austro-Hungarian subjects. The arrest of officials accredited to the Greek Government and of Austro-Hungarian subjects under their protection, and the search of the Consular archives which enjoy the privilege of inviolability, are not only a most serious encroachment on the sovereign rights of a neutral State in conflict with the rudimentary and generally well maintained principles of international law, but are also directly opposed to Austria-Hungary's rights and interests, and can only be described as arbitrary acts greatly transgressing the limits prescribed for belligerents by justice and tradition.

### "BEARING THE STIGMA."

"This proceeding once more illustrates only too conspicuously the fact that France and Great Britain do not shrink from acts obviously bearing the stigma of an inexcusable violation of right.

"The Austro-Hungarian Government reserves to itself the right of taking such measures as it may think fit in accordance with the further measures those Powers may take in respect to the prisoners concerned."—Reuter.

Rome, Jan. 13.—The statements received yesterday from Athens respecting the reported advance of Bulgarians, Germans and Turks upon Salonika are to-day denied from Salonika.—Central News.

The Kaiser, says a Reuter Amsterdam telegram, has announced to the Sultan that he is dispatching a sword to him in order to commemorate the great victory—a sword which "during the war undertaken for the defence of the Right shall be pointed at the heads of the enemy."

## ARMY HOLDS TRUNK LINES

CAIRO, Jan. 14.—The military authorities have taken over as from January 1 all the trunk lines from Cairo, Port Said, Suez and Ismailia.—Exchange.

## PRINCE RUPPRECHT'S IDEA OF BRITISH TROOPS.

**His Opinion That "They Have Lost Impulsive Force."**

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 13.—Herr Karl Rosner, the war correspondent of the *Lokalanzeiger*, has been received by the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who highly praised his troops, saying that with them he could accomplish everything. Then, referring to his opponents, he said: "The English are no longer what they used to be."

We feel that every day, and since they last got to blows at Lens it appears they have lost all wish for more.

"Without doubt they have lost their impulsive force (stosskraft). At the present time they have no reserves of officers, and they are in need of non-commissioned officers, and this results in a loss of fighting power."

To the remark of the correspondent that England was supplying almost all the ammunition for the Entente Armies, the Crown Prince replied:—

"Of course there is something in it. I, too, believe it. When once an ammunition factory is set going it continues to produce automatically. But the old gunners are no more, and the new gunners are insufficiently trained."

Asked his opinion of the British Compulsion Bill, the Crown Prince said: "That will make no difference—none at all."—Reuter.

## MEXICAN GENERALS SHOT BY U.S.A. TROOPS.

**Reprisal for Murder of British and American Subjects.**

New York, Jan. 14.—It is reported from El Paso that the rebel Mexican Generals Almeida and Jose Rodriguez have been captured and shot dead by a posse of American troops as a reprisal for the recent murder of American citizens.

A number of prominent senators are demanding immediate American intervention in Mexico, but President Wilson appears firmly opposed to any such action.—Central News.

The State Department at Washington confirms, says Reuter, the capture by Americans of General Rodriguez, second to General Villa in command of the Mexican Revolutionists who are said to have murdered Peter Keane, a British subject.

The Department also confirms the capture of General Almeida and several other Villa chieftains. General Almeida was shot immediately, and orders were given for the execution of Rodriguez.

## IRISH EXPRESS SAVED.

The Holyhead express, which left Lime-street Station, Liverpool, at 11.10 on Thursday night, had a narrow escape from disaster between Mossley Hill and Allerton, the action of the signalmen at both these stations averting what would have been a terrible calamity.

As the train passed the Mossley Hill signal-box, the signalman noticed that something was wrong with two horse-boxes, which were in the centre of the train, and that they had apparently jumped the rails.

He at once rang through to the Allerton Box to stop and examine the train, and the signalman there at once put his signals to danger. The driver on seeing the signals against him slowed up.

When approaching Allerton Station, which is on the top of an embankment, the Allerton-road running below the railway bridge, the horse-boxes struck a buttress on the bridge, dislodging a huge coping-stone weighing about a ton. For a considerable distance the main line was damaged and some 500 "chairs" were broken.

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## "VICTORY WHATEVER THE COST."

**Tsar's Stirring New Year Message to His Forces.**

## NO PEACE OTHERWISE.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 14.—The following Imperial Order to the Russian Army and Navy is published:—

The year 1915 has passed full of acts of self-sacrifice by our glorious forces.

In the hard struggle with an enemy strong in number and rich in all resources, they have harassed him and have checked his invasion, their breasts forming an invincible protecting shield of the Fatherland.

On the threshold of the New Year 1916 I send you my greetings, my brave warriors.

### "A DECISIVE VICTORY."

Remember this. Our beloved Russia cannot be assured of her independence and rights, enjoy the fruits of her labour, or develop her resources without gaining a decisive victory over the enemy.

Therefore impress it on your conscience that there can be no peace without victory.

Whatever pains and victims it may cost us, we must bring the Fatherland victory.

I enter on the new year believing firmly in the grace of God, the moral power, unshakable resolution and fidelity of the whole Russian nation and the martial valour of my Army and Navy.—(Signed) NICHOLAS.—Reuter.

### MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S MESSAGE.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 14.—On the occasion of the Russian New Year's Day the newspapers publish messages from various prominent personalities, including Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, who sent the following:—

"It is in the hope that 1916 will bring us victory and a glorious peace that I offer to Russia's heroic soldiers my homage and my heartfelt admiration."

Mr. Lloyd George sends:—

"Warmest greetings to the valiant Allies that are fighting with us for the freedom of Europe."

## WAR IS NOT A GAME.

Before we can win the war we have got to learn that it is not a game; that we have got to strain every nerve and use all the means at our disposal to beat the enemy.

We are in a position to starve the enemy if we only use the means at our disposal. Ask your M.P. why we are not doing so.

and for the final destruction of the menace of Prussian militarism.

"The time is soon coming when on both fronts we will find the conditions of complete equality as regards munitions and with the numerical advantage on our side."—Reuter.

### FORTIFYING HUGE FRONT.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Telegraphing from Petrograd on the 13th, M. Ludovic Naudeau, the *Journal's* special correspondent, says:—

Our Allies, in order to meet the danger of a counter-attack conducted with accumulated forces upon one point, are obliged to entrench themselves carefully, so that the line may not be cut and no portion lost of the ground so brilliantly conquered.

To fortify such an immense front takes time.—Exchange.

## AUSTRIAN CLAIMS.

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 13.—The following communiqué was issued in Vienna to-day:—

On the Eastern Galician and Bessarabian fronts there has been local artillery fighting; otherwise no special events have occurred.

In contradiction to all the Russian reports, it is expressly pointed out that our positions east of the Strypa, on the Bessarabian frontier, with the exception of a single battalion in the sector, which retired about 200 paces, are exactly the same as they were before the beginning of the Christmas offensive of the enemy, which was introduced with great military and journalistic preparations, but which was repulsed with heavy enemy losses.

All news from Petrograd to the contrary is false. Events in the south-east prove that even the Russian operations on the Dniester and the Pruth could not relieve Montenegro.—Reuter.

## TURKS' PERSIA MOVE.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—An official communiqué issued in Constantinople says:—

The Turks have entered Karmanshah. The troops were received with joyful demonstrations by the populace and by the tribes in the vicinity, who came in to salute the Turks.—Central News.

Karmanshah is a town in Persia lying on the main caravan route from Teheran to Bagdad.



Montenegrins cheering their King, whose capital has fallen into the hands of the enemy.



## LEARNING TO EARN WHILE INTERNED.

German Jugglers Become Expert by Practice in Camp.

### ROMANCE AND FICTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

When the war is over a remarkable crowd of people will emerge from a German internment camp in London.

There will be a number of budding chess champions, a large group of expert horticulturists, some clever dancers, and—most notable of all—a choice company of jugglers, acrobats and conjurers whose feats probably will astonish the Teutonic world.

When war was declared, nearly eighteen months ago, a number of young German musical artists were interned—men who had been touring the variety theatres as jugglers, acrobats and conjurers.

Since they have been in the internment camp these young aliens have been hard at work every day, practising, practising, practising.

### MASTERS OF THE DIFFICULT.

They have made capital out of their infinite leisure by mastering the most difficult feats of legerdemain, jugglery, acrobatics and other arts. The little acrobatic troupe, for instance, which in past times did funny things with chairs and

## LUNCHEON MEETINGS.

Women, as Result of Morning Shopping, Adopt Masculine Habit.

### "IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT."

Looking down from the roof of a big store in the London shopping district between the hours of ten and one, you may see the streets crowded with a myriad of busy, brightly-clad ants. They are really, of course, women shoppers, and the hours between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. are the favourite shopping hours. After one o'clock there is a stream along those pavements which lead to tubes and restaurants.

The cry of "Shop early," which was intended to apply only to the holiday-time of Christmas has proved so popular and the custom so convenient and useful that it appears likely to remain as a national institution.

It is not only in the capital that success has attended the morning shopping habit. In the provinces and commercial towns women find it equally convenient to have the entire afternoon to devote to charitable enterprises, feminine gatherings and matinees.

The "busy hours" used to be extended well on to tea-time. Now, lunch sees the limit of woman's inevitable duties.

It is this "Shop early" movement, arising, of course, from the darkened streets, that has made the luncheon the most important social event in a woman's day.

Meetings at luncheon, formerly an essentially masculine habit, have become the pivot on which woman's social world turns.

## BETRAYER SHOT.

Man Who Denounced Nurse Cavell Meets with Swift Justice.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—The *Echo Belge* learns from Brussels that recently the body of a young man was found in a house in the Belgian capital. Death had been caused by two revolver bullets in the head.

The German police tried to conceal the incident, but it has been ascertained by some Belgians that the victim was a man who had occupied himself in instigating the departure of young Belgians and had subsequently handed them over to the German authorities.

One of these Belgians having been denounced by him had made known the name of his betrayer.

The Belgian's father avenged himself by wounding the traitor in the face, but the man recovered, and the father was severely punished by the Germans.

Finally proof was obtained that the supposed recruiter for the Belgian Army was a dangerous spy and the real denouncer of Miss Cavell. Someone took upon himself the task of avenging the heroic nurse, and justice was done.—Central News.

## DUKES TO BE OUTLAWED?

Once again the position of the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany is to be raised in Parliament.

Mr. Swift MacNeill intends to ask Mr. Asquith whether, having regard to the fact that the crime of outlawry and the penalties attaching thereto (forfeiture and corruption of blood entailing deprivation of peerages and other honours) were especially excepted from the provisions of the Forfeiture Removal Act of 1870, steps will be taken to institute proceedings of outlawry against the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany now in arms against the Crown and people of these countries.

Mr. MacNeill will also ask whether steps will thus be taken to deprive the dukes of the seven peerages of Great Britain, Ireland and the United Kingdom which they now hold.

## TOYS FOR WOMEN.

Boudoir Craze for "Cuddly" Dolls and Stuffed Bears.

### BLUE BIRD MASCOTS.

A cynic has said that it is the absence of husbands on whom to lavish affection that has caused the craze for toys for the grown-ups.

On the other hand, a woman has explained it as the patriotic desire to uphold the new British industry of toy-making.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt that more toys are at present being sold than can justifiably be credited to small boys and girls.

In nearly every boudoir there is to be seen a grey velvet elephant, a comic stuffed sailorman

### OUR OWN FAULT.

It is our own fault that we are letting the Germans get all the foodstuffs they lack. It is the fault of our Government; of Parliament; of each one of us.

The Navy is ready to stop this traffic if we will give her a free hand. Why don't we?

or a Teddy-bear rivaling the long-established pet dog.

At the bazaars "cuddly" dolls sell better than any other goods.

A shopgirl in the toy department of a London store, asked for her explanation of this craze, argued that it arose from a growth of superstition since the war.

Many women, she said, brought laughing, expostulating soldier-husbands to select the toy. It was therefore treated with the deference due to a mascot.

The rich buy gilded, rose-decked wicker cages containing a miniature Blue Bird for Happiness.

## PIPES TO COST MORE.

Increase of 25 per Cent. on Briars Follows Big Demand in France.

Your pipe will cost you more. The pipe smoker has got to shoulder his burden of war expenditure along with all other classes of the community. Before long smoking will be an expensive hobby.

It is the harmless, necessary briar that has been chiefly threatened. Most of our briars come from France.

The French Government has, however, commandeered eight million briars for the solace of the poilus in the trenches. And most of the men who make the briars are engaged in the more immediately useful occupation of fighting the Huns.

So an increase in the price of briar pipes is practically inevitable. Some of the best makes have, indeed, already advanced 25 per cent.

The man behind the pipe is invariably a philosopher. He will not allow an extra shilling to stand between him and his comforting friend. He will pay—and try to look pleasant.

## HOME SERVICE FOR THE UNFIT.

Announcement was made by the Hull recruiting authorities yesterday that men not regarded as physically fit for general service will in future be classified for home service, police garrison duty at home or abroad, clerical occupations in Army, trench-digging or road-making.

This classification will be arrived at by a medical board examining all groups as they are called up. Other men fit for general service will thus be released from these duties.

## FOOTWOMEN INSTEAD OF FOOTMEN?

Serving Men to Doff Livery and Don Khaki.

### BOY-IN-BUTTONS DAY.

Not long ago the pages of a humorous weekly were enlivened by a cartoon depicting a duchess receiving a newspaper reporter in a sumptuously-furnished drawing-room. A long line of liveried male servants occupied the background of the picture.

The Duchess was delivering herself of some doubtless salutary observations on—the need for war economy!

To-day that particular satire has lost its sting. For in future the footman of military age will be called upon to fight.

The exemption which was refused to the member of Parliament will not be extended to the M.P.'s footman. The serving-man is to become the service man.

He will be succeeded by the boy in buttons, Or—the footwoman!

During the last few months women have entered many trades and occupations formerly held sacred to man.

### IN APPROPRIATE LIVERY.

It is at least possible that in the near future the woman footman—attired, no doubt, in some sort of appropriate livery—will be as familiar a



The bird which graced the clock tower of the church of Canby before the Germans knocked it from its lofty perch with a shell.—(French War Office photograph.)

figure in West End houses as the girl ticket-collector has already become in Tube stations.

Discussing the question with *The Daily Mirror*, the secretary of the Women's Emergency League said: "We are most anxious to put women into men's places for the period of the war—especially if we can secure for them the same wages as those paid to the men whom they replace."

I do not see any objection to women acting in the capacity of footmen.

"It is very much the same sort of work—certainly it is no harder—than that performed by a housemaid or a parlourmaid."

It is essential, however, that these women should work under proper conditions."

## TRAITORS EXECUTED.

Reuter's Agency states that at Voi, a station on the Uganda Railway, two Indian contractors were charged with assisting the enemy who blew up a train on the line in September.

The prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to death, the sentence being carried out on the following day.

## HAWSER CAUSES TWO DEATHS.

While John Chapple and his son William were engaged in mooring a steamer in Victoria Dock, at Hartlepool, it was reported yesterday, a hawser attached to the quay suddenly became taut and their boat was capsized. Both men were drowned.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Death of a Baronet.

Sir William Onslow, Bart., of Hengar-street, Tudy, Cornwall, died on Thursday.

### Left £494,219.

Mr. Richard Seymour Guinness, 16, Rutland-gate, S.W., has left estate of the gross value of £494,219.

### Haddock Boats Sunk.

Five haddock boats were sunk and one smashed in harbour at Buckie yesterday as the result of heavy weather.

### Three Killed in a Lisbon Fire.

Three persons have been killed and many injured, says Reuter, as the result of a fire at a State military store at Lisbon.

### Four German Sailors Escape.

Military and police are searching for four German sailors who escaped from the Isle of Man detention camp yesterday by cutting the wire barrier.



Flight-Lieutenant Cecil Horace Brinsmead, R.N., reported killed. He was a grandson of the famous founder of the John Brinsmead, the piano manufacturers.

tables—quite a mediocre show—are now worthy of a place at the "top of the bill." They have a new repertoire of novel and startling tricks which should "bring down the house."

Then there is the juggler who did clever things with a number of balls and a silk hat. To-day—well, there is scarcely anything in juggling that he cannot do.

The little party of conjurers, both amateurs and professionals, can make rabbits disappear as if they were sixpences.

### WRITING FICTION.

On fine sunny mornings one can see some of these German artists giving free performances to an admiring circle of aliens. There is a man who does remarkable acrobatic and contortionist feats. "I spent an enjoyable half-hour watching him through a telescope," said a recent visitor to the camp. "He would be a big asset to any variety show."

In all sorts of ways the interned Germans and Austrians have made good use of their spare time.

A number of the interned have devoted their leisure hours to writing fiction, while musicians have been busy mapping out the scores of future operas and musical comedies.

Mention must be made of the flower-beds and shrubberies which have been laid out in the camp grounds by a number of aliens who have taken up gardening as a hobby.

Romance, too, has found its way into the camp—the little god Cupid will not be denied even in a German internment camp. Several marriages, it is stated, have taken place there during the past few months.

## THE BRANDON FLINT-KNAPPERS.

The Central News says:—"On the 31st ult. we circulated a paragraph announcing the death of Mr. John Snare, one of the Brandon flint-knappers, and adding that this brought to a close a family association with this prehistoric industry which had lasted for twelve generations."

"The Central News now learns that the deceased was Mr. Robert Field, also a flint-knapper, and not Mr. John Snare, and is further informed that the business of flint-knapping is still being carried on in Brandon by Mr. Fred Snare, who is a direct representative of the business, which for many generations has been carried on by his family."

"The Central News much regrets that it should have been the medium of circulating the inaccurate report referred to." *The Daily Mirror* regrets that the erroneous report appeared in its columns.

London Russians and Greeks celebrated New Year's Day yesterday.



An anti-aircraft gun at a base in France. These are the weapons which the German airmen dread.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Sir Mark Sykes.

Welshman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, whose promotion from the Yorkshire Regiment, T.F., to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel, General List, was announced yesterday morning.

## "The New Dilke."

Sir Mark's maiden speech four or five years ago was one of the most remarkable I have ever heard. It electrified the House. Only Sir Charles Dilke had been known to show such an amazing knowledge of foreign politics as was revealed by this comparatively unknown man. To-day he is one of the most popular speakers in the country.

## "Why, it's Daddie!"

The appointment of Lord Chelmsford to be Viceroy of India reminds me of a charming little story which was told in connection with the swearing-in of Lord Chelmsford as Governor of New South Wales in 1909 at the Government House, Brisbane. On that occasion his Excellency wore the Windsor uniform, and when the ceremony was over and he paused for a moment while returning thanks for the welcome he had received, a childish voice, coming from the gallery, said: "Why, it's Daddie!" It was one of Lord Chelmsford's little daughters, who until then had never seen her father in Windsor uniform.

## Popular in Australia.

Lord Chelmsford was married in 1894 to the Hon. Frances Charlotte Guest, daughter of the first Baron Wimborne, and they have five children—two boys and three girls. Lady Chelmsford inherited much of her mother's wonderful grace as a hostess, and she won much popularity in Australia, where she relaxed some of the stricter rules of etiquette. Lady Chelmsford is cousin to Major Winston Churchill.

## Mr. Asquith's Happy Week-End.

This should be a very happy week-end for the Prime Minister. Last week-end, you will remember, he was detained in town and threatened with the loss of three Ministerial colleagues. The week has seen those resignations withdrawn and the second reading of the Compulsion Bill carried by the colossal majority of 392. No wonder Mr. Asquith went home smiling when the House rose.

## The Happy Medium.

"It's true," the optimist observed to his pessimistic friend, "that I haven't got all that I wanted in life; but I never forget that I haven't got all that I didn't want."

## Vortex and Vorticists.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the Vorticist painter, has invited me to go and see the room that he has decorated "vortically," if that is the adverb, at a restaurant near Tottenham Court-road. His portrait you will see here side by side with a specimen of his vortic art which adorns the card of invitation. Perhaps the



Mr. Wyndham Lewis and—

specimen is a vortic portrait of Mr. Lewis. I don't know. I am but a child in these matters. Anyway, I am going to see the room to-day, and Mr. Lewis, I hope, for he is a charming man even to those who grope in the outer darkness of conventional art.

## The First Spring Flower.

I always thought that the snowdrop and the crocus were the first flowers of the year. Strolling through a suburban park yesterday I was astonished to see a bed of large white "garden" daisies in full bloom. "Surprising, isn't it?" said a park-keeper to me. "Must be the sunshine we've been having. The daisies have beaten the snowdrops by a long head this January."

## Author of the "Parish Pump."

Dr. F. A. Layton, who when I last saw him was a busy practitioner in Walsall, specialises on the throat, and has a high local reputation. The "Parish Pump" was written some few years ago, and Miss Horniman evidently thinks her experience of it in the provinces justifies her giving it to London. Dr. Layton is a man in the forties, wears glasses, and a somewhat serious aspect, which belies the undoubted humour he possesses.

## Inevitable.

I knew it would happen when our Sir Herbert left us for those "furrin parts" where the one and only Charles resides. Well, it has. Sir Herbert and Charles have met, and lucky Los Angeles is going to see a unique performance in which these two great men will appear. The play is to be "Oliver Twist." Fagin, Sir Herbert Tree, and the Artful Dodger—Charles Chaplin. "Sure some show!" as we say in Los Angeles.

## What a Film!

And better still, for the fortunate audience, that best of all Nancys, Miss Constance Collier, who is with Sir Herbert, will also appear. After this, I imagine we shall soon



Miss Constance Collier.

see Sir Herbert, Miss Collier and Charlie together on the film. But, harking back to the "Oliver" performance, what a perfect Dodger Charlie Chaplin should make!

## New Crop of Millionaires.

One of the most amazing things about this amazing war is the new crop of millionaires in every neutral country in Europe. Practically each one of these newly-riches has made his money by helping the Huns to get food. Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden are full of these men, but they will have short shrift once the authorities wake up.

## Captain's Tragic Death.

I heard a great many expressions of sympathy yesterday with the relatives of Captain Bolingbroke Mudie, who was killed in the motor-car collision with an express train in France a few days ago.

## Famous Esperantist.

Captain Mudie was well known in the City, being formerly on the Stock Exchange and head of Messrs. Mudie and Co. He was also president of the British Esperanto Association and of the Universal Esperanto Association, whose headquarters are at Geneva.

## A Difficult Task.

The Captain was a man of great organising ability. His first work on behalf of the Government was the conducting of a shipload of 500 horses, the gift of the British Government to the King of the Belgians, through the minefields just before the fall of Antwerp. The skill with which he accomplished this difficult task so pleased the authorities that they gave him a commission.

## Novelist as a Chef.

I hear a good story of Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, who is just now prominent among the apostles of war economy who insist that well-to-do women have really got to do their own housework. Why not, she wants to know. "I cooked once for a party of sixteen in a big shooting lodge, with only a little barefooted lassie as my aide. At the end of a ten days' stay I was congratulated by a gourmet on the excellence of my chef!"

## "Writing Silly Novels."

Mrs. Steel is essentially a woman who practises what she preaches. "I have done every kind of servant's work in my own house," she confesses, "and have found it light beyond compare." She adds, with refreshing modesty, that, moreover, she has "always had leisure to write silly novels between times, instead of reading them, as so many servants do."

## The Past Participle of "Lay."

"No," said the little girl, "our hen did not lay on Tuesday, but I looked on Wednesday and it lew!"

## Bottomley's Best.

I have just seen the article which Mr. Bottomley has written for the *Sunday Pictorial*. It is called "The Ghosts of Gallipoli"—and is Bottomley at his best. There will be many a wet eye on Sunday; and there is a dramatic note which may have a far-reaching effect on the Government of the day.

## A Strong Comedy.

Miss Madge Titheradge, so I heard yesterday, will be charming London playgoers again shortly. She has been engaged for the principal part in Mr. George Potter's new



Miss Madge Titheradge.

play, "Tiger's Cub," at the Garrick. This new production was described to me as a "strong comedy" of Alaska life, and there is a fine part for Miss Titheradge.

## Squeamish!

A story is going the round of the Middlesex Territorial camps apropos of the squeamishness of a certain well-to-do private. He was commissioned to take a large mounted poster from one London depot to another, and thinking it was below his dignity to carry a poster in the streets, he took a taxicab. He did not know that, on the previous day, Lord Chylesmore, accompanied by a Middlesex officer, had carried the same poster through some of the busiest streets of the West End.

## A Trifle Absent-Minded.

"When a man thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to return home for it I would be inclined to call him a bit absent-minded," said the Harley-street specialist. As he laughed at his jest he didn't ask for his fee.

## The "Indispensables."

There is a busy time ahead for the rating and valuation department at the Guildhall to which has been entrusted the organisation in connection with Lord Derby's tribunal. When it is understood that to the Guildhall will come every "indispensable" claim put forward on behalf of their employees not only by City establishments but by all concerns claiming the City as their headquarters there is little reason to class the responsibility as one of the "nice, soft jobs."

## Liebknicht Goes.

So Liebknicht—the German Socialist with an inconvenient passion for the truth—has been fired out of the Socialist Party. It was inevitable, for he has an inconvenient way of asking questions the Chancellor dare not answer. I last met him seven or eight years ago at the Socialist Conference at Stuttgart. Ramsay MacDonald and Keir Hardie were present, and so were a number of French leaders.



Dr. Liebknicht.

## Germans Kept Quiet.

I shall never forget one comic evening. Several Scottish Independent Labour "peace-at-any-price" Socialists talked about disarmament. They became more and more enthusiastic, and finally one of them said: "It is all England's fault. If we only stopped building ships all would go right." The Germans said nothing, but nodded their heads in approval. I won't give the guileless Scot's name away, but he still talks peace.

## Related Discovery.

"Young Muswell Hill never did discover he had a conscience about anything until the compulsion Bill was passed," growled his employer when asked if the youth had enlisted.

## A Fine Record.

This has been produced by Captain A. E. Rees, 2nd Battalion the London Regiment, but it has nothing to do with his past career, as you might be led to expect; it just consists of a black disc which you place upon your talking machine and then in your own home with the assistance of an umbrella you drill by the hour, so that when your group is called up you prove to be no novice, and stripes come quickly.

## They Fit It.

I decided to try it on several "Tommys" billeted near a friend's house, who were having an idle half-hour in the garden. Placing the machine at the open window I started it. "Squad—Shun" brought them all to attention, whilst "Squad—Number" brought forth "One, two, three" but number four had his doubts, and, looking over the fence, inquired what the deuce I was doing. Explanations followed, and they all agreed that it was a fine record.

## New View of Straphanging.

"Oh, mummy, look at the halters!" exclaimed a little girl just in from the country as she saw for the first time the long rows of straps in the Underground carriage.

## Third Mate at Sixteen.

I was speaking to a lad of sixteen the other day who was third mate on a merchant ship of 5,500 tons. He told me that such was the shortage of hands in the mercantile marine to-day that his was by no means an isolated case. His helmsman was sixty-five years old. Evidently in the merchant service youth is served.

## Ballad Concert Season.

This smiling little lady is possessed of a really wonderful soprano voice which I venture to predict will mightily please London concert audiences. She is Miss Flora Wood-



Miss Flora Woodman.

man, and she is singing at the Albert Hall to-day at the first of the New Year's London Ballad Concerts. She is quite young, and I quote one of her friends' own words, "most awfully keen on her work."

THE RAMBLER.



# LONDON GIRLS LIVE A "PRAIRIE LIFE" ON HERTFORDSHIRE FRUIT FARM.



In difficulties with her puttees.

## ARCHDEACON'S DAUGHTER.



Miss Mary Sandford, daughter of the Archdeacon of Doncaster, and Captain Stafford Dudley Somerville, who are engaged.



Planting fruit trees. The girls all come from London.

Mr. Phillimore, a large landowner of Letchmore Heath, has converted a number of acres into a typical American fruit farm, where the girl workers live in huts.



Preparing cuttings outside her "log cabin."

## NAVAL VICTOR ENGAGED.



Captain C. H. Fox, one of the naval victors of the war, and Miss Eleanor Isabel Somerville, who are engaged.—(Swaine.)

## "RANJI" AS AUCTIONEER: CRICKET BAT SOLD FOR £163 13s. 4d.



"Ranji" sells the bat with which Lord Willingdon, the Governor of Bombay, made 23 in the match between England and South India. It was bought by the Maharajah of Patiala for the sum stated above. The English team, which included several well-known county players, won by an innings and 263 runs.

## JOFFRE REVIEWS A COLONIAL REGIMENT.



The inspection took place a few days ago in the neighbourhood of Paris.

## MR. F. D. FRASER.



The well-known baritone, who is now convalescent. He was wounded at Festubert. Mr. Fraser is one of the late Mr. George Edwards's "discoveries."

## THE CROSS-OVER BODICE.



The bodice is finished with frills. The satin overskirt has two pockets, and gives a glimpse of an underskirt.



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916.

## NO SENSE OF HUMOUR?

NOT long before the war, we happened to see in Paris an absurd but amusing farce which, like a great many farces, contained the episodic character of an English governess drawn on familiar lines.

This person was called Mees (Miss) *tout court*, and she exhibited the traditional teeth and large feet supposed to belong to our land. Had it been an English farce with a French governess the young lady would have been dark, mysterious and immoral. The English governess in the French farce, however, evidently could not be immoral even if she tried.

Would it reasonably have struck us, or anybody else, to be angered by these fantastic characterisations?

On the contrary, this "Mees" was amusing. One reflected: "After all, it's a caricature, but it has a glimmer of reality." So many of the English tourists who go about Paris are oddly like that—indeed one only seems to see them abroad. We are always professing to want to see ourselves as others see us. Well, here's a hint. We move in a wooden manner and our teeth and feet are too large.

Has all sense of humour and kindly self-criticism been killed by the war?

One must suppose so, as one reads of such portentous national humbug as certain protests uttered recently against parodies of Italian restaurants, or of Japanese ways, or of Russian manners, in theatres, books or common talk. The Italians of recent generations, particularly, seem to be taking themselves so seriously that they are said—in their newspapers—to be angry because we "rag" them occasionally (as they "rag" us occasionally, we hope), or parody their restaurants here, or bring in the traditional organ-grinder, as he is introduced "off" in a tragic play—not a farce—now running in London. Could anybody be so greatly depressed by the war and have his national fatuity (which he calls "patriotism") so exacerbated as to complain? What does it matter? Does anybody dream of taking it seriously? Surely this ill-natured chaff amongst nations does good rather than harm.

But no doubt the heavy German, with his great beer-sodden worship of his own strength and supernatural mania, has infected us all. During the war, we dare not laugh at one another. "Mees" must disappear, organ-grinders go, *toreros* be no more. Yankees, Russians, Jews, Dutchmen, Japs, Chinese—they must all be duly solemnised and shown, as they really are, each one puffed up with the conviction that his own race is the only one that matters simply because he belongs to it. It was the humourless Prussian argument at the beginning of the war. Will it become general?

Let us hope that when peace comes (if it ever does) that a sense of humour may be restored to the pontiffs of racial mania.

W. M.

## WINTER VISION.

O winter, wilt thou never go?  
O summer, but I wear for thy coming,  
Languing once more to hear the Luglie flow,  
And frugal bees laboriously humming.  
Now the east wind diseases the infirm,  
And I must crouch in corners from rough weather;  
Sometimes the winter sunset is a charm—  
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,  
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.  
I, from my window, can treasure this pleasure;  
As the eternal moon what time she fills  
Her orb with argent, trailing a soft measure,  
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,  
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

—DAVID GRAY.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The days are ever divine. . . They come and go like muffled and veiled figures: but they say nothing: and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

## OUR WOMEN'S RETREAT ACROSS SERBIA

### A NURSE'S STORY OF HARD-SHIP AND DANGER.

By NORAH TEMPEST

(Of the Scottish Women's Hospitals).

WHAT is it "really like" to find oneself hunted and homeless—to be pursued in war—to find oneself, after years of civilisation, face to face with hunger, danger and death?

I am going to describe those things—what happened when the Relief Party of Scottish Women's Hospitals in Serbia retreated across country in the midst of winter.

When the Serbians began their retreat to Raska, the journey by road had to be started on at an hour's notice, and we nurses were only able to take with us what we could carry in our hands. It was after leaving Mitrovitz on November 18 at 8.30 a.m. that the party began their long trek on foot, their bundles of bedding

afforded the party accommodation with bedsteads—novelties for many days—but no bedding. English, French, a few Serbs and Russians, men, women and children, all in one enormous dormitory.

Ipek was reached on November 22, after travelling over impossible roads which were chiefly boulders and river beds. Most people walked as the horses found it very difficult to pull the vehicles. A barracks once more served as hotel, and the party made a very welcome halt of a few days while stores were replenished and pack ponies bought for the stiff mountain journey then actually to begin.

### THROUGH THE SNOW.

That night there was a heavy fall of snow which continued next day. Progress in the biting cold after a breakfast of bread and tea was very difficult, especially as the climbing was very stiff, and it was quite impossible for anyone to ride. The weary party had to traverse a zig-zag road up over the top of the mountain. The icy surface of this made the climb and the following descent to the village, with a name sounding like Velieca Pico, doubly hard. The

## BRITISH SCHOOLS.

### WHY IT IS THAT OUR BOYS DON'T LEARN MODERN LANGUAGES.

FRENCH.

"CARTHUSIAN" writes: "A boy can always learn modern languages if he wants to," and explains that he learned French by talking the language at meals with a French governess.

"Carthusian" learned French the right way. Most boys (who have not the same advantages) have to learn it at school. There they memorise rules and exceptions and learn verbs wholesale and translate authors who use the tuteo and the historic present and other forms our students should not have to worry about until long after they have mastered the colloquial tongue.

They are taught French on the lines they learn Latin, because only thus can they satisfy the University examiners, bred to the maleficent traditions of the "classical side."

So our boys end by knowing more grammar than a Frenchman, and yet can hardly form a few halting sentences (often with an inadvertent tuteo) to pass the time of day; while the Frenchman's reply leaves them speechless, or, at best, demands the request, "Parlez lentement."

There are plenty of good systems for teaching modern languages on the market. These eliminate everything that is obscure and unnecessary for everyday use. Their motto is, "Speak, understand and read the language first; and you can study the niceties of it later, if you wish to."

SIENECYN.

**IS A CHANGE COMING?**  
THE root of the matter lies in the fact that French teachers in English schools are so overworked—in comparison to their Continental confrères.

They have nearly always to combine their French with other subjects, and have neither the time nor the necessary number of classes to prepare each lesson as it should be prepared, so that it is physically impossible for them to do justice to their subject.

Then, again, the tone of the average boy is against learning French—or, at all events, has been so far, although a vast improvement is to be noted and the average boy does not now hate French MODERN LANGUAGE MASTER.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 14.—Everyone admires the stately gladioli that make such a fine show during August and September. These bulbs, since they are not hardy, have to be taken up in the autumn and stored during the winter.

The early-flowering gladioli bloom during the summer and give us some delightful flowers for cutting.

In sheltered gardens, where the soil is of a light nature, they prove quite hardy; where the ground is heavy, however, let the roots be planted early next month during favourable weather. "The Bride," with white flowers, is a great favourite. E. F. T.

## THE MAN WHO TRIED TO UNDERSTAND.



Income-tax forms are notoriously incomprehensible. Then don't even try to read them! Pay instead. "It is the only way."—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and so on accompanying them on bullock wagons.

Up to this time the weather had favoured them, but the second day's march was through a steady downpour, after five hours of which, over exposed mountain roads the party were delighted to reach a fair-sized village, in which to take shelter from what had now become a blizzard.

A hospitable Turk placed at their disposal a clean room with a good open fire, and there, so crowded that for all to lie down was an impossibility, the drenched and exhausted party spent the night.

Prizren was reached about noon on November 19, after about five hours' walking. On November 20, onwards once more, the fortunate or the less nervous, by motor transport, the others still on foot, for a day's journey to Jacovitz, the first town over the Montenegro frontier. The distance from Prizren to Jacovitz is about thirty kilometres, and those who walked did not arrive till long after dark, many of them in a half-fainting condition. Here, again, a barracks

found it very difficult to keep their feet, most of all on the downward slant, and had each to be led and often literally held up. As there were not sufficient people to lead all the animals, four, with their valuable baggage, were completely lost, in addition to a donkey carrying most necessary food reserves.

Saturday, November 27, found the party still trekking, blue with cold though on the lower slopes. Very thankful we were to get a little cup of hot Turkish coffee or a glass of "rachie," a kind of whisky, now and again from a little rest houses. Just before dark, mirage-like, Andrijevica, a little white town in the snowy mountainside, appeared before our weary eyes.

Next day was perhaps the worst of the fortnight, for although it was raining, food was giving out, and it snowed all day again. Still we kept on plodding, but feebly, and night overtook us before the next village could be reached. Perforce shelter had to be found wherever it was to be had, and after a wearisome and sleepless night we stumbled next morning into Mattchouevo. All were so exhausted that a day and

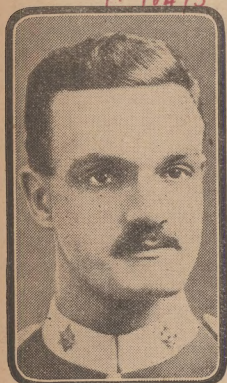
a night were spent here to rest. A sheep was bought, killed and roasted whole. After one meal only bones and a few fragments remained.

We reached Podgoritz next, and here it was suggested that the next day should be spent tramping it towards Scutari, but the doctors in charge explained that this, in the state of the party, was a physical impossibility, and that first rest, food and last, but not least, conveyances must be provided. Accordingly on December 4, partly recovered, they rose at 4 a.m. and at six o'clock were on the flat road to the lake of Scutari in two of the springless carts. After two hours marshland was reached, which was traversed in very large flat-bottomed boats to a landing-stage where the deep water began. Here, at a tiny point, a called Havvitz, they had the pleasure of seeing the little steamer just leaving, heavily laden.

There was nothing to do but to wait for the next, which did not come till two days and nights had passed. On the day the lake brought them at last to the town of Scutari by sunset on Monday, December 6.



## MEN WHO HAVE WON THE D.C.M. TWICE



Sergeant R. Baldwin, who belongs to the 2nd Worcestershire Regiment.



Acting-Corporal J. H. Rhodes. His regiment is the Grenadier Guards.



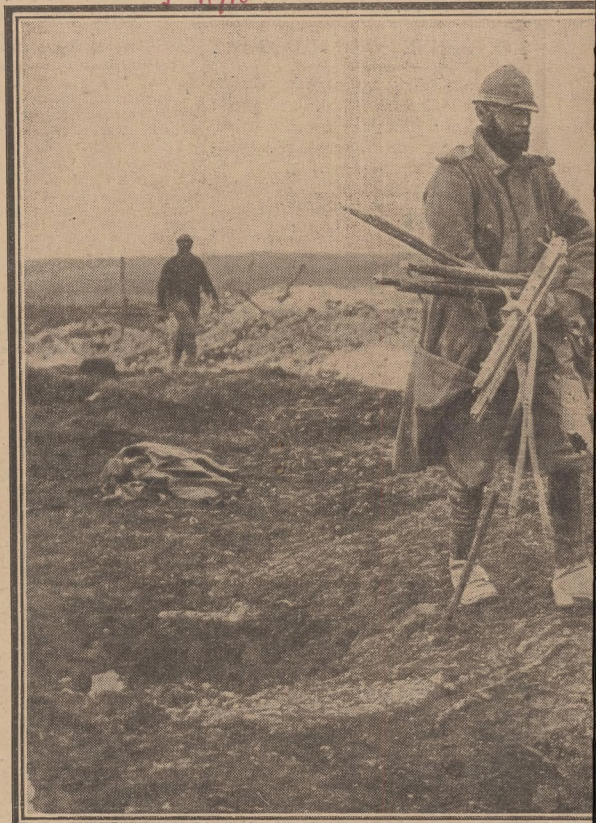
Corporal E. A. Player (2nd Wiltshire Regiment). Each man receives the clasp.

## THE "NIGHT EYE" OF THE ITALIAN ARMY.



A huge searchlight at work. It often reveals what the enemy wishes to hide.

## AFTER THE CHARGE: A POIL



The French have taken the trench, and the rifles and other articles.

## THE SACRAMENT



Priest administering the Sacrament to a French Red Cross officer in his shell-shattered church. The windows are so badly damaged that it is necessary to protect the altar with the "rude covering shown."

## WASHING AND COOKING IN A FRENCH CAMP.



In a French camp. The men in the foreground are preparing a meal. Some of them have been doing some washing, which is hanging out to dry.—(French official photograph.)

## FLEET



Sergeant (King) has won Brooke in the Army.



Major V. dier Gu awarded vice



# COLLECTS THE HUNS' RIFLES.



by the Germans are carefully collected and made into a heap.

# SPORTSMEN WIN THE MILITARY CROSS



Lieutenant A. H. MacIlwaine, the England and Army Rugby forward.



Captain E. D. Horsfall (Royal Flying Corps), the Oxford rowing Blue.



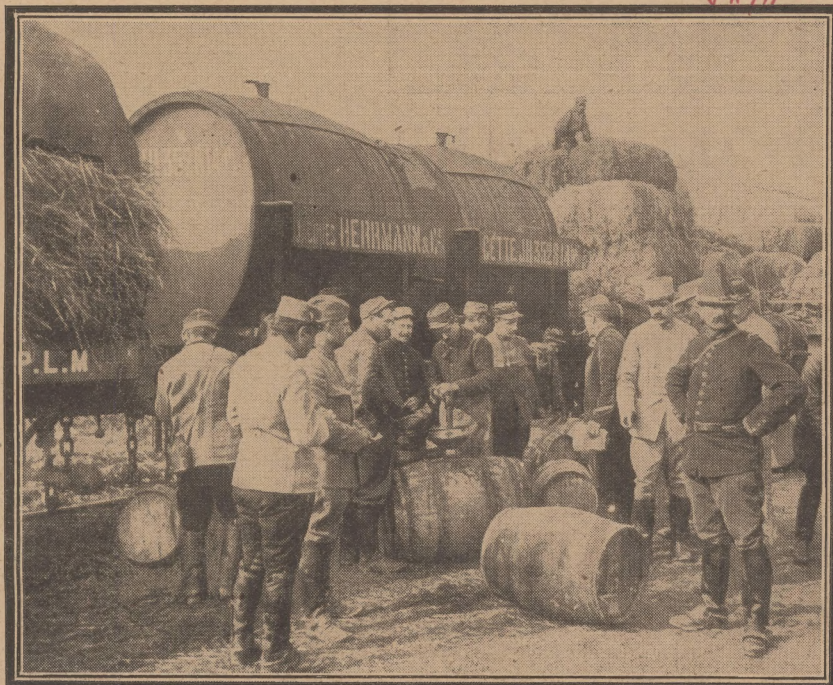
Lieutenant A. W. Symington, the Scottish international Rugby forward.

## VERY WELCOME THIS COLD WEATHER.



Algerian sharpshooter serving out soup for the troops from one of the travelling kitchens.

## HUGE CASKS OF WINE FOR THE PLOU-PIOU.



The wine is carried on special trucks to which are fitted huge casks. On arrival at the front it is decanted into smaller (disgorging) ones. It is a good Bordeaux vintage.

## "A PROBLEM FARCE."



Mr. Arthur Bourchier with Miss Kyrle Bellew in Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "A Pair of Knickerbockers," in which they will appear at the Coliseum on Monday. The piece is described as a "problem farce."—(Bacon.)



*Do not miss this  
Powerful Article*

# SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

HOW I WOULD  
WIN THE WAR



By C. B. STANTON, M.P.

THE GHOSTS OF GALLIPOLI  
By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

A WARNING TO LABOUR  
By AUSTIN HARRISON.

# SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

OUT TO-MORROW



# ARM OF HIS WORLD

By RUBY M. AYRES

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**JEAN MILLARD**, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very willful.

**ROBIN O'NEIL**, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

**GAVIN DAWSON**, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

THERE is a dead silence in the breakfast-room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Fortescue. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her.

Jean is furious. "It's—it's hateful," she says. "I won't stand it; I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come home and look after me."

Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little jump. He has been the one bright spot in her life.

Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Jean realizes that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have control of her own money, but she arranges to marry secretly at once. It is also arranged that Gavin shall go up to London and get the special licence, and that Jean shall follow the next day.

Jean travels to London. Euston there is a thick fog.

Gavin does not turn up, and Jean mistakes a stranger for him. The stranger turns out to be Robin O'Neil.

She is furiously indignant when she hears that Robin knew who she was, but she is too proud to say so.

But, being quite helpless, she finally agrees to go to the house of Robin's cousin, Mrs. Lillian Fisher, where she had been brought up.

In the meantime, Gavin meets an old sweetheart, and finds out that she is the Mrs. Lillian Fisher to whom Jean was supposed to be going. From her he learns that Jean is penniless, and that unknown to her, Robin O'Neil has been keeping her.

He writes at once to Jean, telling her not to come up, as the money has not yet come.

Little while. This letter Jean does not get.

Jean and Robin do not get on at all well. When Jean writes a forcible letter to Gavin, Robin intercepts it. She is furious, and in revenge goes to a baccarat party, where she wins £15. Gavin is left a lot of money.

Jean is compelled to ask Robin for some more money. He refuses in order to stop her gambling.

Jean immediately plays baccarat again, and loses £42 to a youth named Douglas Symons.

She decides to try her luck again in order to get the money back. But instead of winning she loses a lot more.

O'Neil again refuses to help her, and again she plays. At the end of the evening, Symons, after behaving like a cad, tells her that she now owes him £210.

In desperation, Jean asks Robin for more money. He refuses, and, stung by her taunts, he bursts out that he really does not love her.

Jean is terribly shocked, and her thoughts turn to Gavin to save her. She consents to his buying an engagement ring, and he says he will pay Symons the money.

In a game of hide-and-seek Jean is pursued by Symons. In trying to escape from his unpleasant personality she trips and stuns herself. Robin discovers her, and she suddenly finds herself in his arms.

Enlightenment comes to both of them. "Are you," cries Jean, "and I have been loving him too long. Gavin repeats a story to Jean to the effect that Robin once cheated at cards."

Jean asks Robin to deny it. "Supposing I don't," he says quietly.

### JEAN'S SUSPICIONS.

JEAN fell back with a little gasp. She stood leaning on the table staring at O'Neil with frightened eyes.

After a moment she tried to laugh. "Don't be so absurd... as if you..."

Robin—you—you're frightening me. Her voice broke off; she caught her breath.

"Robin!" she said again insistently.

O'Neil shrugged his shoulders.

"What else did he say?" she asked.

"That's all. He... She could not go on. She caught his arm in both hands, shaking him.

"Did he, Robin—did you?" she asked again pleadingly.

"Isn't it true—is it—? You didn't, did you?"

His eyes searched her face for a moment.

"Do you think I did, then?" he asked in a queer voice.

Her hands fell to her sides.

"Oh, I don't know what to think," she said in a stifled whisper.

He moved away from her. He went back to the fire. But now he stood with his shoulders turned to her, and he was glowing cool.

"So you think it's a very terrible thing—to cheat at cards, eh?" he asked after a moment.

Jean did not answer. "Do you?" he demanded again.

"Yes."

"I see."

Across the hall came the sound of Jummy's shrill voice. "Good-night, Uncle Robin!"

He—Robin—The last syllable was raised to a long crescendo. "I'm just getting into my bath, Uncle Robin!"

O'Neil turned. There was a little uncertain smile on his lips. He went to the closed door and held it open.

"Good-night, Jummy boy."

He shut the door and came back. He paused beside Jean, and looked down at her with half-abashed, half-whimsical eyes.

"Well," he said after a moment, "what are you thinking?"

She looked up at him. He swayed a little towards her, catching her arms in a grip of steel.

"What are you thinking?" he asked again savagely.

She pushed him away.

"Oh, I don't know... I don't know... Why if it isn't true." She caught his hand. "Why if it isn't true, you answer, Robin? Why don't you deny it?—oh! can't you see that I would believe you, whatever you said?" There were tears in her eyes.



Jean Millard.

her voice now. She was afraid—though of what she hardly knew.

O'Neil did not look at her. After a moment:

"It's quite true that I was accused of cheating," he said slowly, "quite true... if your friend Symons told you that—he spoke the truth."

"Robin!"

He turned his head; for a moment his eyes wandered over her white, stunned face. Then:

"You're not one of those women who would love a man—no matter what he was—no matter what he had been," he said.

She covered her eyes with her hand.

"I don't know... I can't think... Oh, I thought you were so different," she said chokingly. "So different to all the other men I have ever met."

"And you find I'm not, after all—is that it?"

His voice was quiet, almost unemotional. "Well—it's not too late to go back on—on last night—if you wish to."

She did not answer! Her mind was in a whirl; the whole world seemed to be turning upside down.

O'Neil a cheat! O'Neil the contemptible sort of man who would stoop to cheat at a game of chance—oh, she could not believe it.

"Did you—did my father know?" she asked in a stifled voice.

"Yes."

Lillian's voice sounded out in the hall.

"Robin!" He went to the door quickly.

"Yes."

Jean heard Lillian laugh apologetically.

"Jummy won't go to bed till you've been up; I'm so sorry, Robin, but it's your own fault—you've spoilt him dreadfully."

"I'll go up at once." He did not even glance back at Jean; he went on and up the stairs to the door of Jummy's night nursery.

Jummy was careering round the room in little striped pyjamas; his hair was rough, and standing on end from his recent tubbing; when he saw Robin he hurled himself at him with a smothered shriek of delight.

Robin picked him up and carried him over to his bed.

He felt vaguely grateful for the child's undoubted affection. He put him down rather awkwardly, and pulled the clothes over him.

"You'll take cold—jumping about after a hot bath," he said in pretended severity. "And if you take cold, I shan't come up and play with you any more, or I shall take cold, too; and I hate having to blow my nose all day long," he added with a twinkle.

Jummy chuckled; he wriggled his chin out above the bedclothes.

"I wish you would take cold—you and me—both of us," he said happily. "Then we could play engines up here all day long!"

"A truly alluring prospect," said O'Neil with faint sarcasm. "Now, you're to go to sleep—do you hear?"

"Yes—and Uncle Robin."

"Didn't Auntie Jean look like the wicked fairy?"

"No—not in the very least. Good night."

"Good night, and—Uncle Robin."

"Well?" Robin was at the door now; he looked back with a faint smile.

"I think you're the very—very most nicest person in all the world."

"Thank you, Jummy," said O'Neil. He went away, shutting the door after him.

The library was empty now, as he had known it would be. He glanced in wistfully as he passed. His face was rather stern as he turned away.

The very—very most nicest person in all the world!

Jummy's enthusiastic words came back to him with a kindly memory. Well—nobody, else thought so, at all events, he told himself bitterly as he went back to the drawing-room and across to where Pansy Rutherford was lounging amongst a pile of cushions, smoking a cigarette.

"Well!" she looked up at him smiling. "What's the matter?" she asked with sudden change of voice. "Have you seen a ghost—you look quite pale."

O'Neil tried to laugh; he passed a hand over the back of his head self-consciously; his hair was a little ruffled by the boisterous hug of Jummy's fat arms.

"I've been receiving compliments," he said rather jerkily. "Jummy has just informed me that I am the very, very most nicest man in all the world."

Pansy's frivolous eyes softened; she threw the half-smoked cigarette away; she stifled a little sigh.

Jummy is a small person of great discernment," she said with sudden gravity.

O'Neil flushed a little; he looked away from her.

"You are very kind," he said stiffly.

Her words, so seriously spoken, embarrassed him. There was only one woman in all the world for whose good opinion he cared one iota and she.

"I wonder why some people always make a hash of life," Pansy said irrelevantly. She leaned her chin in the cup of her hand and looked at O'Neil with a little flame in her eyes.

He moved restlessly.

"I've been asking myself the same question lately," he said. There was an odd note of pain in his voice; he looked quickly to where Jean was standing, laughing and talking to a group of girls, all young and pretty like herself.

No wonder she had shrunk from him, he thought bitterly. How could he expect a girl such as she was to understand the sort of life he had lived out in India all those years ago? How could he expect her even to be tolerant of the things which women like this one beside him condoned every day of their lives?

He stifled a quick sigh. He knew so well what Jean must be thinking, what she was feeling. She was so impulsive—so quick to jump to a conclusion, and so difficult to move from it afterwards.

His face hardened. Well... he had lived all these years without a woman's love, he supposed, that he could manage to get through a few more in the same way. He turned to Mrs. Rutherford. He plunged into reckless conversation with her. Jean—glancing across at him a moment later—saw him bend over Pansy, daintily lighting a fresh cigarette for her, which she held between her slightly reddened lips.

### POISONED WORDS.

JEAN went out alone the following morning. She slipped away when Gavin was out of the room, and put on her hat and coat.

The house seemed to stifle her. She wanted to get away from it and everybody and think things out for herself.

She took an omnibus to the Park. She got down there and waited a moment on the kerb for an opportunity to cross the busy road.

Someone spoke beside her.

"I say, aren't you going to speak to me, Miss Millard?"

Millard? He was very smartly dressed. He wore a silk hat at a rakish angle. He raised it with an exaggerated elbow movement as she turned.

Her face stiffened a little.

"I don't wish to walk with you."

He laughed.

"Don't be silly. Let bygones be bygones. ... I want to walk with you very much. ... I want to talk to you."

"Nothing you can say is of any interest to me." She walked on quickly; but he followed. He kept pace beside her imperturbably.

"After all, you're not so much to be pitied."

"Mr. Symons, this is most impertinent of you! If you don't leave me—"

"My dear girl," he said detestably, "isn't it rather foolish to take this stand with me? You seem to forget that I know you rather well."

Even if he paused; he went on again—"even if Dawson and O'Neil are taken in. Two strings to her bow—is that the game now—eh? The one for money, the other—perhaps for love!"

Jean drew a hard, frightened breath; she wondered why it was that she was afraid of this man. There was something about him—she could not define it—but something that made her hesitate to complain of him even to Lillian or O'Neil.

She remembered what Gavin had told her yesterday, and a longing seized her to ask Symons himself for the truth, to hear it from his own lips.

She had not seen O'Neil since last night; he had not been down to breakfast. He had not been down when she came out; there was a dull sort of misery at her heart.

If he had only denied it—only denied this hateful accusation—

She turned to Symons.

"I think it will be as well if you are rather more careful what you say, Mr. Symons," she said very quietly. "There are things you know which it is not exactly wise to say or repeat, especially when you know that they are—lies."

She hurried the word at him. "Wicked lies!" she said again passionately. She looked at him now.

"I am referring to what you told Mr. Dawson about Robin O'Neil." Her courage rose with the sound of her own voice. "If Mr. O'Neil knew!" Her voice broke. Oh, did he know? And what had he said? Nothing—nothing!

Symons had paled a little, but he faced her unflinchingly.

"What I told Dawson was merely a very unpleasant little truth," he said calmly. "I said that O'Neil cheated at cards—well... ask him and see if he will deny it."

(Continued on page 13.)

## ALCOHOL AND DRUG HABIT.

### A Genuine Home Cure.

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HOUSES TO LET.

"HOME," the Paper for Rentpayers.—It shows how tenants all over the country are becoming aware by capitalising their rent. Copy free on application to the Editor, 3, Brushfield-st., London, E.C. Mention "D.M."

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## THE CENTENARY OF THE DAVY LAMP.

9.129 Y



Miners all over the country are this week celebrating the centenary of the introduction of the Davy lamp, which has saved the lives of so many of their craft. This is the first lamp of its kind ever used, and its place is now in a museum. The invention followed the terrible fatality at Felling Colliery.

## MUSTARD SEED.

P. 124.79



Felicie Vyner, who plays Mustard-seed in Mr. F. R. Benson's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Company.

## EEL PRITCHER.

9.145 F



On her way home with her pritch, which is used to catch eels. Note her heavy sea boots.

## A GRAVE BEHIND THE SANDBAGS.

9.1410 F



Here lies an officer who died for his country at the Dardanelles.

EXCLUSIVELY IN TO-MORROW'S  
LLOYD'S NEWS

"Victory  
will come,  
not in one  
sudden  
crashing  
onset but  
from  
endurance  
and grim determination"



BEN TILLETT

Extract from Mr. Tillett's article.



PATRICK MacGILL

IN A GERMAN  
TRENCH

By PATRICK MacGILL

"SUPERSTITION  
AND CRIME"

By HARRY FURNISS



HARRY FURNISS

"I suddenly  
felt the  
ground  
collapse  
under my  
feet... a  
sensation  
of cold, the  
fear of  
drowning.  
I was up to  
my neck  
in water"



EMILIENNE MOREAU  
(The Heroine of Loos)

Extract from  
To-morrow's Instalment.







## THE ALT CAR COURSING MEETING.

*Spent 16 T*

Well cleared! A trainer and his dogs jump a ditch at the coursing meeting held at Altcar.

*Spent 16 T*

Naughty Nephew and Homethrust in the Church House Stakes.

## THE LORD MAYOR PLAYS BILLIARDS.

*P. 1162 A*

Potting his opponent? The Lord Mayor has a game with an Anzac at the club for the overseas forces at Peele House.

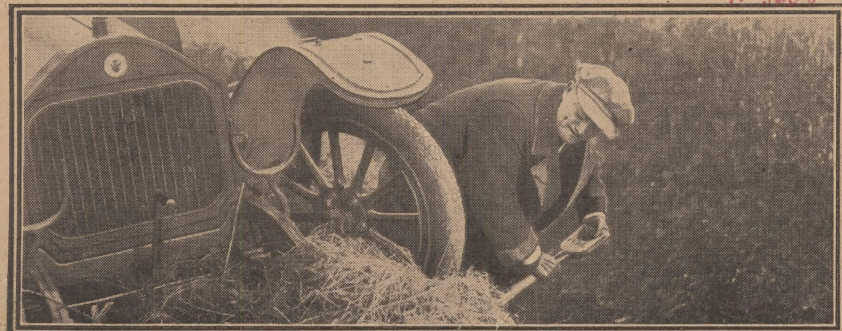
*P. 1162 A*

He also inspected the Women's Ambulance Reserve at the King George Club.

## SAM MAYO FINDS THAT GOING TO THE RACES BY ROAD HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES.

*Spent 481**P. 5608 N*

The field soon after the start in the Mill Maiden Hurdle race, won by Berrilldon.

*P. 5608 N*

Sam Mayo went steeplechasing in his motor-car and tried to dig it out of the ditch—



—But gave it up in despair.







# HOW I WOULD WIN THE WAR: By C. B. STANTON, M.P., IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

THE Ghosts of Gallipoli,  
By Horatio Bottomley, in  
"Sunday Pictorial" : : :

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

A WARNING to Labour.  
By Austin Harrison, in  
"Sunday Pictorial" : : :

### FALL OF CETTINJE: AUSTRIAN TROOPS ENTER THE MONTENEGRIN CAPITAL.



The Queen of Montenegro

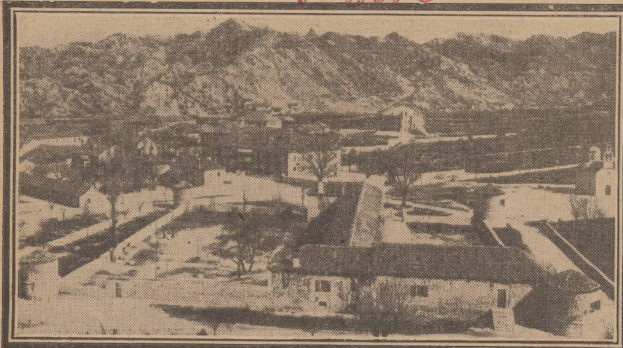


The King of Montenegro.



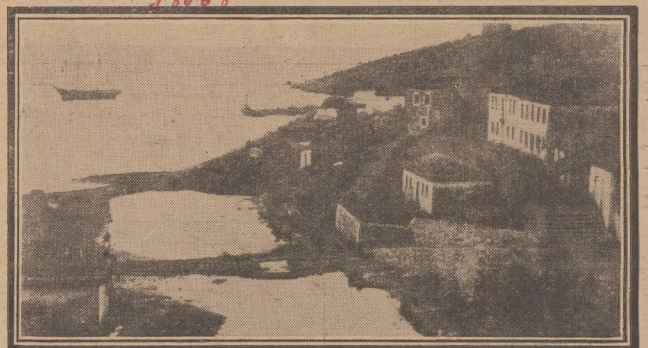
King Nicholas photographed in Berlin.

King Nicholas among his people. In a manifesto he states that his army will fight until the Allies win.



Cetinje. In the centre is the King's palace, stated to be undamaged.

Cetinje, which has suffered the fate of Brussels, Belgrade and Warsaw, is in itself a poor place, with a small population, and its capture has no military significance. But



San Giovanni di Medua, the only port left to the Montenegrins.

it will be a sad blow for the people, as for centuries past it has been regarded as the cradle of Montenegrin liberty.

### ZUIDER ZEE DYKES BURST IN: NORTH HOLLAND IN DANGER OF INUNDATION.



The whole of the north of Holland is in danger of inundation as the result of the Zuider Zee dykes having burst at several points. The Zuider Zee, or South Sea, a large gulf in the Netherlands, is about sixty miles long, 210 miles in circumference,



and forty miles at its greatest breadth. Here are some picturesque scenes from the coastwise districts from which the people are flying. They are taking their cattle and belongings with them.